



THIS MAGAZINE IS
HAUNTED

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No 20

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

NO ONE KNOWS
WHEN I, DOCTOR DEATH,
MAY STRIKE, IN THESE
BLOOD-CURDLING
TALES OF TERROR!



10¢





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THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

I AM DR. DEATH,
AND THIS TALE OF
MINE IS BITTER
MEDICINE! ONE STRONG
DOSE TO BE READ
AFTER DARK, ALONE—
AND THEN, DEAR PATIENT,
SLEEP IF YOU CAN!
SLEEP, IF YOU CAN!!!!

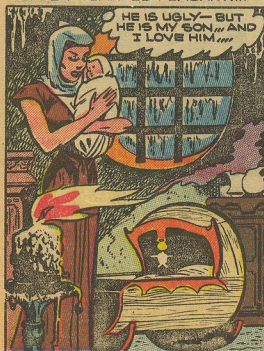


THE MONUMENT

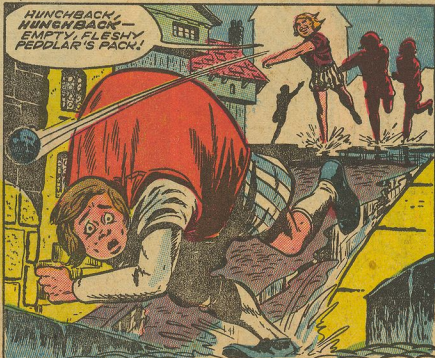


THE HUNCHBACK, FERNANDO WAS BORN IN TUSCANY, IN THE 14TH CENTURY. HIS MOTHER WAS A TENDER-HEARTED PEASANT!!!!

BUT FERNANDO'S MOTHER DIED SOON— AND AS HE GREW, FERNANDO LEARNED THAT THE WORLD WAS LESS TENDER THAN SHE!!!!



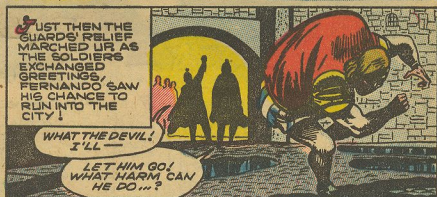
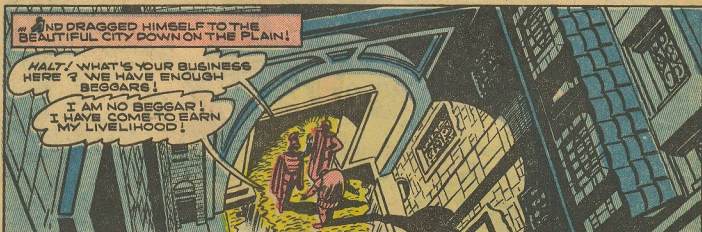
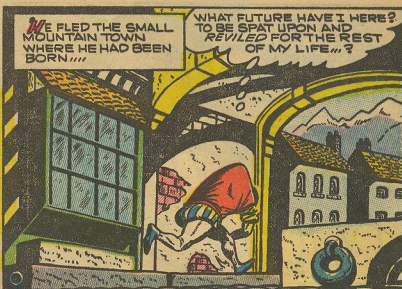
HE IS UGLY— BUT
HE IS MY SON!!!! AND
I LOVE HIM!!!!



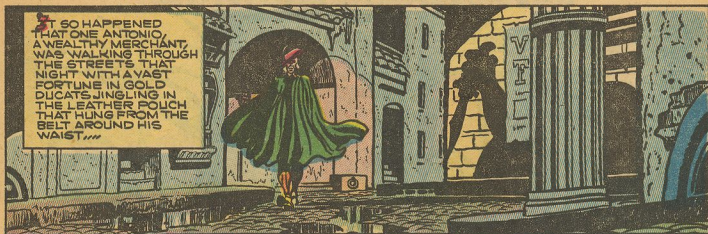
HUNCHBACK,
HUNCHBACK—
EMPTY, FLESHY
PEDDLAR'S PACK!

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HE TAUNTS, JIBES, AND BRICKBATS WOUNDED FERNANDO DEEPLY. SO DEEPLY— THAT HIS SPIRIT BECAME AS DEFORMED AS HIS MISSHAPEN BODY....



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AND FATE DELIVERED ANTONIO INTO THE HANDS OF THE HUNCHBACK WHO WAS SEETHING WITH HATRED FOR ALL MANKIND!!!!



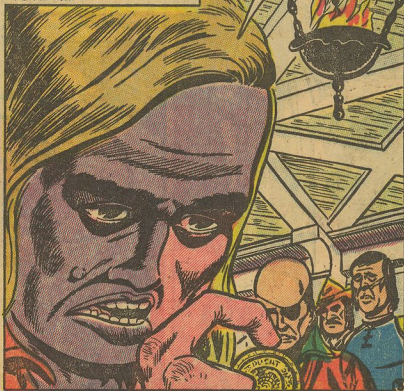
UPON EXAMINING THE CONTENTS OF THE LEATHER POUCH, FERNANDO FOUND HIMSELF TO BE WEALTHY BEYOND HIS FONDEST DREAMS!



ANOTHER MAN MIGHT HAVE SQUANDERED THE DUCATS—BUT NOT FERNANDO! HE SAW A CHANCE TO GAIN GREAT POWER! AND ONCE HE HAD GREAT POWER, THE WORLD WOULD HAVE TO STOP REVILING HIM! SO FERNANDO USED THE DUCATS TO ORGANIZE A BAND!!!!



FERNANDO'S PLAN WAS SIMPLE! ALL STOLEN GOODS WERE TURNED OVER TO HIM IN EXCHANGE FOR WEEKLY STIPENDS! EVEN THE MURDERERS-FOR-HIRE TURNED OVER THEIR JOB-PROCURING TO HIM!!!!

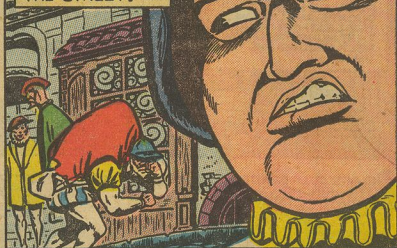


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AS THE YEARS PASSED, FERNANDO PROSPERED IN HIS ENTERPRISE! HE HAD MORE GOLD NOW THAN THE DUKE, HIMSELF!



BUT THE PEOPLE'S LIPS STILL CURLED WITH CONTEMPT AS HE HOBBLING BY IN THE STREET!



SO POWER HAD NOT YET BROUGHT HIM WHAT HE MOST DESIRED! BUT FOR A LONG TIME HE WAS TOO BUSY WITH HIS EVIL AFFAIRS TO CONFESS THIS TO HIMSELF. THEN, ONE NIGHT, HE SAW BIANCA...



SHE IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN THE EVENING STAR!

HOPE STIRRED IN FERNANDO'S BREAST! WITH SOMEONE AS BEAUTIFUL AS BIANCA AT HIS SIDE, HIS OWN UGLINESS MIGHT BE SHADOWED! THE WORLD MIGHT ACCEPT HIM IF HE WERE HER HUSBAND! A FEW DISCREET INQUIRIES—AND FERNANDO LEARNED THAT HER FATHER WAS AN IMPOVERISHED NOBLEMAN...



YOU ASKED FOR AN AUDIENCE WITH ME? WHAT IS IT YOU WISH?

I AM A WEALTHY MAN, MY LORD. I... ER... HAVE SEEN YOUR DAUGHTER, BIANCA... AND... ER... WISH HER FOR MY WIFE...



WHAT? YOU, THE KING OF THE CUTTHROATS, DARE ASK FOR BIANCA'S HAND? THERE! LET MY WHIP TELL YOU THAT, FOR AS I AM, I SHALL NEVER PERMIT MY DAUGHTER TO MARRY...



... A MAN SUCH AS YOU, WHO IS AS DEFORMED IN SPIRIT AS HE IS IN BODY!

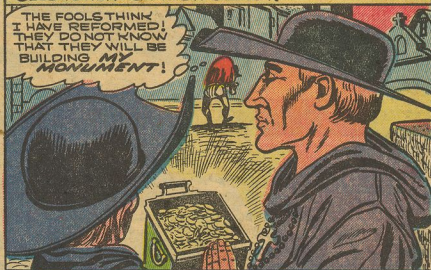


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NOW FERNANDO HAD TO FACE THE TRUTH! AND THE TRUTH WAS BITTER. POWER HAD NOT GAINED FOR HIM THE LOVE AND ADMIRATION HE SO DESIRED! PERHAPS, IF HE USED **GUILE**...

THE CLERICAL AUTHORITIES WERE ASTOUNDED BY THE HUGE SUM DONATED TO THEM BY FERNANDO FOR THE PURPOSE OF ERECTING A "CAMPANILE", A BEAUTIFUL BELL TOWER FOR THEIR CHURCH!

THE FOOLS THINK I HAVE REFORMED! THEY DO NOT KNOW THAT THEY WILL BE BUILDING MY MONUMENT!



FERNANDO CALLED HIS BAND TOGETHER...

FROM NOW TILL THE TOWER IS COMPLETED, ALL OUR REGULAR "WORK" IN THIS CITY WILL BE SUSPENDED! YOU SHALL ALL SPEND EVERY MINUTE OF THAT TIME GOING AMONG THE PEOPLE, IMPLANTING IN THEIR MINDS THE BELIEF...



"THAT ALTHOUGH I, FERNANDO, AM DEFORMED IN BODY, MY SPIRIT IS AS UNDEFORMED AND STRAIGHT AS THE TOWER THAT IS BEING CONSTRUCTED WITH MY DUCATS!"



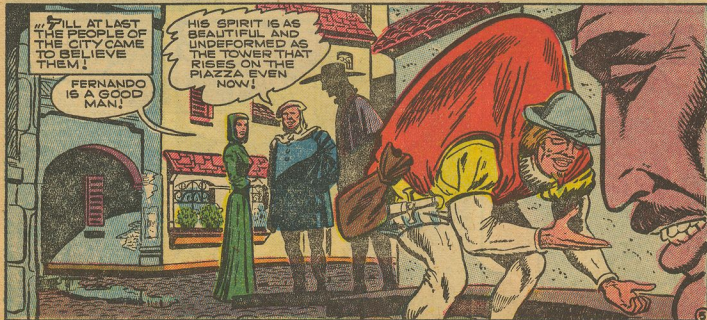
FERNANDO'S "WORKERS" DID HIS BIDDING... DAY AND NIGHT THEY REPEATED THEIR MASTER'S WORDS, OVER AND OVER AGAIN...



...TILL AT LAST THE PEOPLE OF THE CITY CAME TO BELIEVE THEM!

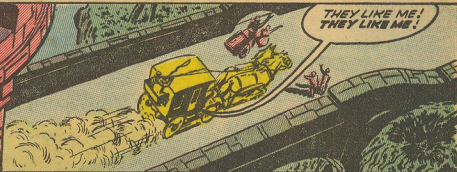
FERNANDO IS A GOOD MAN!

HIS SPIRIT IS AS BEAUTIFUL AND UNDEFORMED AS THE TOWER THAT RISES ON THE PIAZZA EVEN NOW!



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THE TOWER WAS STILL UNDER CONSTRUCTION WHEN FERNANDO LEFT THE CITY ON A SHORT BUSINESS TRIP, AND HIS HEART WAS LIGHT WITHIN HIM, FOR THE PEOPLE SMILED AND WAVED AS HE RODE OUT THROUGH THE GATES.////



SIX MONTHS LATER, HE RETURNED. AT THE CITY GATE, HE EAGERLY QUESTIONED THE GUARDS.////



HAVE THEY FINISHED WITH IT? HAVE THEY FINISHED MY BEAUTIFUL TOWER?

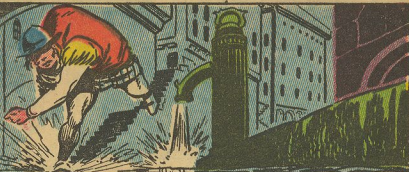
BUT THE GUARDS DID NOT ANSWER. THEY STARED AT HIM COLDLY, WITH CURTLING LIPS, AND CONTEMPT AND HATRED SHOWN IN THEIR EYES.////



WHY-WHY ARE YOU L-LOOKING AT ME THAT WAY?

HA! YOU ARE THE FINE, DECENT PAISAN WHO HAS SUCH A GOOD SPIRIT HE BUILDS US A TOWER—WHAT A TOWER! GO SEE YOUR TOWER THAT IS YOUR MONUMENT, BENT ONE!

HE RAN PAST THEM INTO THE DARKENED CITY, THROUGH THE NARROW WINDING STREETS HE RAN WITH A COLD FIST OF FEAR OPENING SLOWLY INSIDE OF HIM. WHAT COULD HAVE GONE WRONG WITH HIS TOWER? THE TOWER WHOSE BEAUTY AND STRAIGHTNESS WAS TO HAVE PROVED TO THE WORLD THAT FERNANDO'S SPIRIT WAS UNDEFORMED!



THEN FERNANDO CAME TO THE PIAZZA... AND HE SAW THE TOWER!////



N-NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!

THE NEXT MORNING.////



WHAT HAVE YOU FOUND, PIETRO?

LOOK, PAISAN! IT IS THE BENT ONE—HE MUST HAVE FALLEN FROM HIS TOWER LAST NIGHT!

YES, THEY FOUND THE CRUMPLED BODY OF FERNANDO AT THE FOOT OF HIS MONUMENT—THE TOWER THAT HAD INEXPLICABLY BEGUN TO SAG THE VERY DAY IT WAS COMPLETED—THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA!



THE END

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THE GOLD HAD BEEN FOUND AND THE JOURNEY TO THE BOAT WAS EASY...THE JOURNEY BACK TOWARDS THE COAST WAS SUPPOSED TO BE EVEN EASIER. BUT THE PARTY OF SCIENTISTS SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT OVER THEM HUNG A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH---A FATE THAT HAD OVERTAKEN ULYSSES OVER FIFTEEN CENTURIES AGO, A FATE THEY SOON FOUND WAS THE---

THE CURSE OF THE ODYSSEY!



YOU'VE FOUND IT, PROFESSOR WALTERS. YOU'VE FOUND THE LOST CACHE OF ULYSSES! NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS ARE TRUE AFTER ALL!

A FABULOUS TREASURE BEYOND COMPARE! TREASURE ENOUGH TO MAKE EACH OF US MILLIONAIRES TEN TIMES OVER!

THE SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION HAD BEEN A DIFFICULT AND EXHAUSTIVE ONE. MONTHS OF EXPLORATION AND HARDSHIP HAD BEEN ENDURED FOR THIS MOMENT. AND PROFESSOR FRANKLIN WALTERS, HEAD OF THE PARTY, WAS NOT TO BE DENIED HIS TRIUMPH...

--THE FIND OF THE CENTURY, DUNCAN! THE WORLD WILL BE STUNNED! YEARS OF WORK--AND WE'VE FOUND THE TREASURE!

WAIT, PROFESSOR! I'VE READ THE HIEROGLYPHS HERE! THE TREASURE'S CURSED!

LISTEN--"WHOMSOEVER CLAIMS THIS TREASURE AS HIS OWN, EVOKES THE WRATH OF THE TEMPLE GODS AND MUST SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES AS ULYSSES, HIMSELF, SUFFERED!"

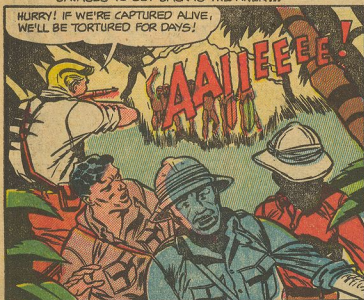
BAH! MORE NONSENSE!

WE CAN'T ABIDE BY THE WARNING, DUNCAN. CURSE OR NOT--WE MUST RISK IT!



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SO THE EXPEDITION WITHDREW, LEAVING THE SECRET TEMPLE AND AFRICAN VELDT TO TIME ONCE MORE, BRAVING DANGERS AND SAVAGES TO GET BACK TO THE RIVER...



AND AFTER DAYS OF TRAVELING, THEY ARRIVED BACK ON BOARD THE RIVER BOAT...



BUT LATER THAT NIGHT, WHEN ALL WERE ASLEEP, IN HANS' LOCKER ROOM...



MEANWHILE, AT THE STERN OF THE SHIP, ANOTHER CONVERSATION WAS TAKING PLACE...



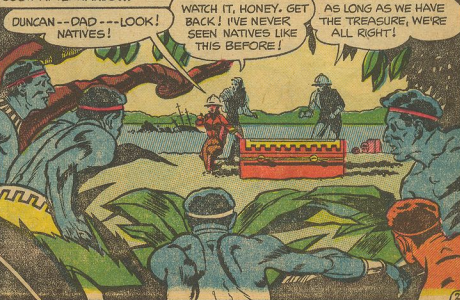
ALMOST AS IF DUNCAN'S WORDS WERE PROPHETIC, THE HEAVENS DARKENED. MOMENTS AFTERWARDS, A FURIOUS STORM CAUGHT THE RIVER-SHIP IN ITS COURSE DOWNSTREAM...



SUDDENLY--WITHOUT WARNING--!!

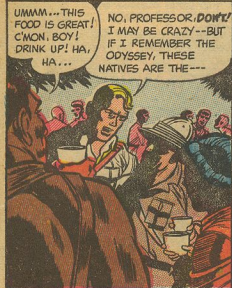


THE MEMBERS OF THE SHIP DESERTED THE STRICKEN VESSEL AS THE GIANT REEF SPEARED IT LIKE SOME KILLER FISH. NEARBY WAS AN ISLAND, AND SOON AFTERWARDS...



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THE ISLAND WAS STRANGE--THE NATIVES STRANGER. BUT THEY SEEMED FRIENDLY, AND WHEN THE ADVENTURERS FOUND OUT THAT THEIR FEARS WERE BASELESS...



UMMM... THIS FOOD IS GREAT! C'MON, BOY! DRINK UP! HA, HA...

NO, PROFESSOR, *Don't!* I MAY BE CRAZY--BUT IF I REMEMBER THE ODYSSEY, THESE NATIVES ARE THE---

--LOTUS-EATERS!



EEEE! THEY'RE GOING TO ATTACK US! LOOK! WHAT HAVE THEY PUT IN THE DRINKING-CUPS? THE CREW HAS FALLEN INTO A STUPOR!

COME ON, EVERYONE! WE'RE GETTING OUT OF HERE! BACK TO THE SHIP! IF MY HUNCH IS OKAY, THEN IT'S IN PERFECT CONDITION!

THEY'RE CHOPPING THE SAILORS TO PIECES!



THE LOTUS EATERS KILLED THEIR VICTIMS BY DRUGGING THEM--THEN EATING THEM *RAW!* SOMEHOW, WE'RE RE-LIVING THE ADVENTURES OF ULYSSES. DISRUPTING THE TREASURE MUST HAVE RELEASED A TIME-MECHANISM THAT FORCED US INTO THIS TIME-TRAP!

I...I CAN'T LOOK AT THEM, IT'S TOO HORRIBLE!

BARELY MAKING THEIR WAY BACK TO THE SHIP, DUNCAN AND THE OTHERS SET SAIL...NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON...



LOOK! THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS SWARMING WITH THESE CANNIBALS! THE CREWMEN TRAPPED THERE WILL NEVER GET OUT ALIVE NOW!

IT'S COINCIDENCE! LOTUS EATERS! BAH! THIS CURSE IS A FIGMENT OF YOUR IMAGINATION!

BUT DUNCAN SOON PROVED TO BE RIGHT...



LOOK! THE RIVER CURRENT IS PULLING US TO ANOTHER ISLAND. NONE OF THESE ISLANDS WERE ON OUR MAP! IF IT ISN'T A CURSE WE'RE EXPERIENCING, HOW ELSE EXPLAIN IT?

THERE SEEMS TO BE SOMEONE--SOMETHING STANDING ON THE BEACH!

AND AS THE SHIP DREW NEARER AND NEARER, HELPLESS IN THE EVIL SPELL OF THE CURSE...



W-WHAT IS THAT --THING?

GOOD LORD! THE CYCLOPS! IT'S SPOTTED US!

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WITH ONE SWOOP OF ITS GIGANTIC HANDS, THE BRUTAL CYCLOPS POUNCED DOWN ON THE RETREATING MEN, AND...



THE YOUNG SCIENTIST DELIBERATELY LETS THE CYCLOPS CATCH HIM. THEN, WHEN THE CYCLOPS LOWERS HIM TO ITS MAW...



THE GIANT DROPS DUNCAN AND SCREAMS OUT TO ITS FELLOWS LURKING IN THE WOODS. BUT BEFORE THE MONSTERS CAN CAPTURE THEM, DUNCAN AND THE OTHERS FLEE INTO THE BAY...



ONCE AGAIN THE BOAT GETS UNDERWAY. BUT THIS TIME, DUNCAN HAS A PLAN...



BUT WHILE THE THREE TALKED, HANS AND HIS REMAINING MEN PUT THEIR OWN PLAN INTO ACTION!



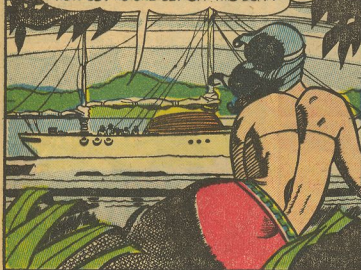
AND THE TERRIBLE WINDS WERE ON THEM--INSTANTLY--FURIOUSLY!



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WHEN AS THE WIND DIED DOWN, THE SHIP GLIDED TOWARD THE ISLAND OF--

CIRCE---THE SORCERESS! THIS WAS THE NEXT ADVENTURE AWAITING ULYSSES--AND NOW US! NO ONE GET OFF THIS BOAT!



BUT CIRCE GESTURES WITH HER HANDS, AND ALL MEN ARE UNWILLING SLAVES. ALL EXCEPT LUCY AND DUNCAN--WHO HAS KEPT HIS EYES CLOSED...

WE WILL OBEY YOU, GREAT SORCERESS! HOW SHALL WE SERVE YOU? YOU SHALL BECOME PIGS! NO! I CHALLENGE YOUR MIGHT!



STRAINING HIS MIND TO CONCENTRATE ON OVERPOWERING THE SORCERESS' WILL, DUNCAN SUCCEEDS IN FREING HANS, PROFESSOR WAITERS, AND A FEW OTHER MEN FROM THE SPELL...

AND, JUST AS DUNCAN STEPS ON BOARD...

YOU SHALL NOT ESCAPE THE OTHER ADVENTURES, THOUGH YOU LIKE ULYSSES HAVE ESCAPED ME! DEATH SHALL BE YOUR DESTINY!



CIRCE'S WORDS ARE NO IDLE BOASTS. FOR, AS THE BOAT CONTINUES ALONG ITS ROUTE...

SINGING! I HEAR SOMEONE SINGING! LOOK--OVER THERE! GIRLS--SINGING TO US! QUICK! GET DOWNSTAIRS! STUFF COTTON INTO YOUR EARS! HURRY!



HURRY, LUCY. GET YOUR FATHER AND THE REST BACK TO THE SHIP! I CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH... LONGER!



ONE BY ONE, THE MEN SUCUMB TO THE LURE OF THE SIRENS---CREATURES THAT HAVE TAKEN ON THE FORM OF BEAUTIFUL GIRLS TO DEVOUR THEIR PREY--AND THROW THEMSELVES INTO THE SEA...

UGH--HH...IT'S TOO HORRIBLE TO SEE!

THE SIRENS LURED MOST OF ULYSSES' MEN LIKE THIS, ALSO! AND NOW ONLY ONE OTHER ADVENTURE REMAINS--PERHAPS THE MOST TERRIFYING OF THEM ALL!



BUT AS THE ISLAND OF THE SIRENS FADED INTO THE MIST, HANS--THE REMAINING GUIDE--HAVING THE BRAINS TO LASH HIMSELF TO THE MAST, LOST ALL VESTIGE OF SANITY!

I'M GONNA KILL YOU, DUNCAN! MAKE THESE THINGS STOP! I--I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE. YOU KNEW I WANTED THE TREASURE FOR MYSELF! YOU'VE HYPNOTIZED ME!

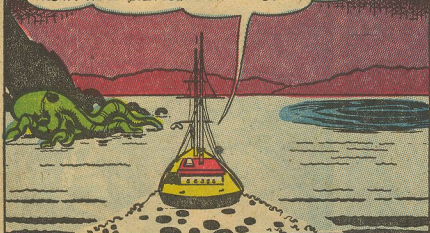
HE'S STARK, RAVING MAD! AND ANY MOMENT WE'LL MEET OUR NEXT ADVENTURE HEAD-ON!



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DUNCAN BARELY UTTERS HIS FEARS WHEN ---RISING OUT OF THE MIST, COMES--A SIGHT BEYOND FANTASTIC CONCEPTION!

SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS! THE NIGHTMARE MONSTER ON THE LEFT--AND THE GREAT WHIRLPOOL OF DEATH ON THE RIGHT! WE'LL NEVER ESCAPE FROM THIS!



SUDDENLY--AS HANS POINTS THE GUN AT DUNCAN'S HEAD...

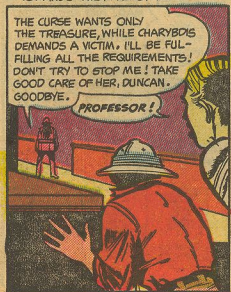
SCYLLA-- THE TENTACLED MONSTER HAS CLAIMED ITS VICTIM, AS IT MUST!



BUT FORGOTTEN HAS BEEN PROFESSOR WALTERS, STAGGERING UNDER THE WEIGHT OF THE TREASURE, HE HEADS TOWARDS THE RAILING, AND...

THE CURSE WANTS ONLY THE TREASURE, WHILE CHARYBDIS DEMANDS A VICTIM. I'LL BE FULFILLING ALL THE REQUIREMENTS! DON'T TRY TO STOP ME! TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER, DUNCAN. GOODBYE.

PROFESSOR!



AS THE PROFESSOR'S BODY HIT THE TURBULENT WATERS, A GREAT SIGH ROSE UP ABOUT THE SHIP. THE MIST CLEARED, AND THE YOUNG COUPLE FOUND THEMSELVES BACK ON THE AFRICAN RIVER, ON A CALM RIVER.

DAD --! HE'S DEAD...OH-HH...HE SACRIFICED HIMSELF FOR US!



JUST AS DUNCAN CAN WHIRL AROUND, A STUNNING BLOW CATCHES HIM FROM BEHIND, AND THE DROOLING MADMAN STANDS OVER HIM--THE VICTOR!

I WANTED TO SEE YOU SQUIRM BEFORE I FIRED! THEN I'LL GET THE GOLD FROM THE OLD BOY'S HANDS--AND KEEP THE GIRL FOR MYSELF! HA, HA...!

HANS! LISTEN TO ME! WE'RE IN DANGER --- MORTAL DANGER!



DUNCAN'S RELIEF IS SHORT-LIVED. THE SHIP BEGINS TO TILT-- THEN SPIN ABOUT FASTER--FASTER! THE GREAT WHIRLPOOL OF CHARYBDIS HAS CAUGHT THEM IN A GRIP OF DEATH!

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? HOLD ME, DUNCAN! I'M AFRAID...

WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING! THIS LOOKS LIKE OUR FINISH!



YES, DARLING. BUT THE CURSE OF THE ODYSSEY IS OVER. WE'RE FREE BY A MIRACLE! FREE FROM ADVENTURES TOO INCREDIBLE TO DESCRIBE!

THE WORLD WILL NEVER BELIEVE US! NEVER!



BUT LOCKED FOREVER IN THEIR HEARTS WOULD BE THE DREAD SECRET OF THEIR TERRIBLE ADVENTURE. WHO CAN SAY THAT FOR DUNCAN AND LUCY IT WAS INDEED OVER?

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

FACTS ABOUT WITCHES AND WITCHCRAFT—

FOUND IN FIFTEENTH CENTURY ENGLISH ARCHIVES

THE WITCH OR WARLOCK WAS THE SLAVE OF THE DEVIL—AND CARRIED OUT HIS ORDERS IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE COMPACT BY WHICH THE WITCH SIGNED OVER HER SOUL TO THE INFERNAL POWER, IN RETURN FOR THE ENJOYMENT OF SUPERNATURAL PREROGATIVES FOR A FIXED PERIOD OF TIME.



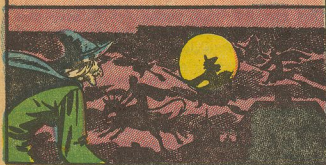
THE CONTRACT CONCLUDED, THE WITCH RECEIVED A MARK ON SOME PART OF THE BODY WHICH WAS, FROM THEN ON, INSENSIBLE TO PAIN. THIS MARK WAS KNOWN AS THE STIGMA OR DEVIL'S MARK, BY WHICH THE DEVIL WOULD KNOW HIS OWN AGAIN.



A FAMILIAR IMP OR SPIRIT WAS ASSIGNED TO THE WITCH. THIS IMP WAS GENERALLY IN THE FORM OF AN ANIMAL, USUALLY THAT OF A BLACK CAT OR DOG.



THE WITCHES' ASSEMBLY OR SABBATH TOOK PLACE FOUR TIMES A YEAR...FEBRUARY 2, MAY EVE, AUGUST 1 AND NOVEMBER EVE AND ALL DEVIL WORSHIPPERS WERE REQUIRED TO ATTEND. IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE WITCHES WOULD LEAVE THEIR HOMES THROUGH THE CHIMNEY, ASTRIDE THEIR BROOMSTICKS. IN SPAIN AND ITALY IT WAS THOUGHT THE DEVIL, HIMSELF, IN THE SHAPE OF A GOAT, CONVEYED THEM ON HIS BACK.



AT THESE ASSEMBLIES THE DEVIL AND HIS ASSISTANTS, TOGETHER WITH ALL THE WITCHES AND WARLOCKS WHOSE SOULS HE HAD BOUGHT, GATHERED IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT IN SOME REMOTE AND SAVAGE WILDERNESS AND THERE THEY WOULD HOLD THEIR FRIGHTFUL CARNIVAL.



THE WITCHES WOULD RELATE THEIR EVIL DOINGS SINCE THE LAST MEETING AND SATAN, HIMSELF, CHASTISED THOSE WHO HAD NOT BEEN WICKED ENOUGH BY LASHING THEM WITH SNAKES AND SCORPIONS.



A BIG FEATURE OF THE ASSEMBLY WAS THE DANCE OF THE TOADS, IN WHICH THE TOADS SPRANG UP OUT OF THE EARTH BY THE THOUSANDS AND DANCED ON THEIR HIND LEGS TO SATAN'S MUSIC.

HO, WITCHES! FEED US! FEED US THE FLESH OF YOUNG BABES!



THE SPOT WHERE THE DEVIL'S SABBATH WAS HELD WOULD NEVER BLOOM AGAIN WITH FLOWER OR HERB, FOR THE MORNING LIGHT REVEALED THAT THE BURNING FEET OF THE DEVIL HAD BLIGHTED IT FOREVER.



THE SIMBIS of ZIMBABWE

Jan Meeyersburg sat comfortably on a large oversized chair. He was smoking a large clay pipe. His hair was snow white and he didn't seem to mind the hot African mid-day sun. He turned to the two men who were standing impatiently and watching him.

"Professor Claxton. I just do not understand why you are here. I sent a cablegram to America notifying the museum that I would not guide you to the ruins. Surely you must have received my message."

The thin man to whom those words were addressed tried his best to conceal the annoyance he felt. He had figured on a pleasant welcome and now there was this end to a trip even before it began.

"I flew instead of coming by boat," explained Professor Claxton. "I suppose the message is now at the museum. Won't you please reconsider your refusal? You are the only man alive who has ever deciphered the messages on the walls at Zimbabwe. Why not give the world the benefit of your wonderful knowledge? We are anxious to learn."

"Are you?" challenged Jan Meeyersburg with a trace of bitterness in his voice. "You think the rituals of the witch doctors are just what is best termed in your country by the word 'fakes'! Unless something can be explained in terms of modern science you refuse to acknowledge its existence."

"I won't say that," interrupted the voice of the other man standing at the side of the Professor. "I am the photographer sent by the museum to take pictures. Would you care to know my name?"

"As a courtesy then, perhaps I should answer in the affirmative," snapped back Jan Meeyersburg. "But actually what difference would it make?"

"All the difference in the world," insisted the photographer. "For I happen to be Art Tackney."

There was a deadly silence. The old African pioneer was thinking hard about what to say and what to do.

"I must apologize to you," finally passed his lips. "My son wrote several letters about you from Korea. You risked your life to save him. It wasn't your fault he died. The least I can do to repay you is to guide you and the



Professor to Zimbabwe, though it is only one hundred and fifty miles from Bulawayo the roads are all washed out. However we will go there. I shall see that a plane is ready in the morning."

For one full hour, young Art Tackney was busy taking pictures under the directions of the Professor. And Jan Meeyersburg was full of information as they faced the crumbling inner walls of the mysterious temple.

"These ruins were first found in 1868. As you notice, the walls are built of hand hewn stones fitted together without mortar. When we flew above in the plane you could see the peculiar geometric patterns in which they were laid out. For years, archeologists have argued about Zimbabwe ever since Adam Renders, the American hunter first came upon this place. All kinds of tales have been written about it. But I am the only man who knows the secret of the writings on the wall. They tell about the ceremonies of the spear dance, a ritual that goes back thousands of years. A victim was tied to the wall. Then spears were aimed at his heart. The object was to rip the heart out of the body. The blood was collected in small jars. They were used to hold the stones together. Every member of the brotherhood of spears wore a small gold ring on his index finger, right hand. It was in the shape of a small spear. If you wish to see the ghosts of yesteryear repeat the ritual then wait here with me for the full moon, which takes place this evening."

The sky was pitch black and in the distant

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

jungle could be heard the peculiar noises of various animals. Professor Claxton and Art Tackney had a few minutes to talk alone.

"I have a roll of that new ultra violet film in the camera," whispered the photographer. "I rigged up the ultra violet ray lamp on a belt which I am wearing. No matter what happens, I am going to take pictures."

Jan Meeyersburg came over to them and motioned them against the wall. Suddenly there was a terrific flash of light and they could see a group of natives. One man was struggling. He was forced up against the stone wall. His hands and legs were tied. Then the natives began to dance up and down along the long corridor formed by the stone walls. Time and time again they passed the three men but gave no evidence that they had seen them.

Five natives placed small drums on the ground and began to pound out a weird melody. The tempo became faster and faster. The natives began to dance and also chant weird sounds. Then one very large man raised his hands. At once the beating of the drums ceased. He uttered but one word.

"Logoara" which was apparently a signal to commence the ceremony. For at that word a group of natives began to hurl spears at their victim. The spears came nearer and nearer to his body. And when one pierced his abdomen he shrieked in agony. The man who was apparently a chieftain of some kind, hurled a gold tipped spear at the victim. It struck him right in his heart. Professor Claxton wanted to close his eyes and open them again and find himself home in bed.

"This just can't be," he half protested to his photographer. "These natives do not belong to our century. I can't recognize their dress nor language. This seems something like the past living again."

"Exactly," agreed Jan Meeyersburg. "What you see are simply spirits. The native word happens to be Simbi. Actually this ceremony took place a thousand years ago. The Simbis have come back for your benefit to perform. I am well aware of the camera and the film in it. Go ahead and take those pictures. But just remember this one fact. How can you photograph that which does not exist? For what you see is not reality but merely an illusion."

The natives started to dance again and the drums beat out their weird melody. Another victim came down the path and the Professor couldn't believe his eyes! For she was a beautiful girl, something akin to a Grecian Goddess. She turned her eyes and saw the Professor and the photographer.

"Help me," she shouted in ancient Greek. "They are going to kill me. Save me! I am a princess of the royal family."

"This is no illusion," said the Professor to Art Tackney. "That girl saw us and she called for assistance. Lucky I know ancient and modern Greek. We must do something."

His hand slipped down to the revolver he carried in his hip pocket. The palm of his hand gripped tight on it and he withdrew it. Aiming it at the nearest native he shouted in English.

"Let that girl alone or I will kill you."

The native chief raised his hand. He fixed his eyes upon the unexpected and uninvited guest.

"You do not belong here," he replied in perfect English. "You are one of a thousand years in our future. This woman is a witch. She must die. Her blood will hold the stones securely in our wall. Do not interfere. We are going to kill her."

The Professor aimed his gun and pulled the trigger. He emptied the six chambers directly at the native who was untouched and unharmed.

"You cannot kill a dead person," admonished the native chief. "So watch the ceremony."

The girl was tied to the wall and soon the natives with the spears began to take aim at her.

"What would happen if we stood in front of her? Would those spears kill us?"

And then the professor dashed out from his side of the wall and ran in front of the girl.

"You must not touch her. She is too beautiful to die."

"Logoara" shouted the chief and the spears were thrown at their victim. They were aimed at the Professor and seemed to go through his body in order to reach the victim. The girl was soon dead but the man was unharmed.

"You are a very brave man willing to die to save a person you do not know," complimented the chief. "And now we go back to the dead."

There was a terrific flash of light and the natives vanished. Jan Meeyersburg spoke softly.

"Back to our plane and we shall wing our way to Bulawayo."

The next day back in civilization the photographer developed the film in a make-shift dark room. His eyes almost popped out of his head.

"That was no illusion! Here are the pictures."

Suddenly the film vanished and the light went on in the dark room. They were facing Jan Meeyersburg. Both men noticed he wore a gold ring with a spear on it.

"Consider it an illusion, my friends, and you will be happier."

The End

NO ONE KNOWS WHEN I, DOCTOR DEATH ---- MAY STRIKE! FROM WHICH HIDDEN, UNGUSSPECTED CORNER WHERE I LURK AT EVERY TICK OF THE CLOCK! EVERY BEAT OF YOUR HEART! PERHAPS THE END WILL COME IN THE GLISE OF SOME SEEMINGLY INNOCENT DIVERSION--LIKE A FERRY RIDE! AS IT CAME TO KARL DANNER.....

STAND-IN FOR DEATH

WHAT'S HAPPENED TO ME? WHERE AM I?
SPEAK TO ME---SOMEBODY SAY SOMETHING! OH,
NO---THIS CAN'T BE REAL! I MUST BE OUT
OF MY MIND!

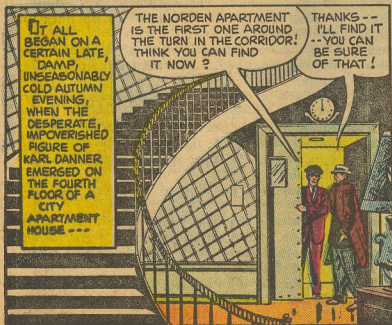


IT ALL
BEGAN ON A
CERTAIN LATE,
DAMP,
UNSEASONABLY
COLD AUTUMN
EVENING,
WHEN THE
DESPERATE,
IMPOVERISHED
FIGURE OF
KARL DANNER
EMERGED ON
THE FOURTH
FLOOR OF A
CITY
APARTMENT
HOUSE ---

THE NORDEN APARTMENT
IS THE FIRST ONE AROUND
THE TURN IN THE CORRIDOR!
THINK YOU CAN FIND
IT NOW?

THANKS --
I'LL FIND IT
-- YOU CAN
BE SURE
OF THAT!

I'VE WAITED A LONG TIME FOR
THIS MOMENT! TEN LONG,
BITTER, MISERABLE YEARS!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



I-I'll TRY TO MAKE IT, HELENE --BUT--I--I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN!

YOU MUST, ALEC! DOCTOR FEDER IS OUT--BUT HE'LL BE IN HIS OFFICE BY THE TIME WE GET THERE!



--DANNER!

YES--DANNER! OUT OF PRISON WHERE YOU SENT ME, MY OWN BUSINESS PARTNER! I SWORE I'D COME OUT AND GET YOU!

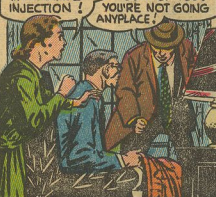
BUT IT WASN'T I WHO FOUND OUT YOU WERE STEALING PUBLIC FUNDS! IT WAS THE GOVERNMENT! I ONLY SUBMITTED OUR BOOKS FOR AN OFFICIAL AUDIT!

PLEASE--LEAVE US ALONE! ALEC IS TERRIBLY ILL! HE'S HAD ANOTHER HEART ATTACK! WE MUST GO TO THE DOCTOR FOR AN IMMEDIATE INJECTION!

A HEART ATTACK, EH? IT LOOKS AS IF FATE IS SAVING ME A LOT OF DIFFICULTY! SIT DOWN --AND STAY DOWN --BOTH OF YOU! YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE!

I'M GOING TO STRIP THIS APARTMENT OF ANYTHING I CAN USE! MONEY, JEWELS --EVEN THIS COAT! GIVE ME THAT!

...SOB... ..ALEC... PLEASE HOLD ON TO YOURSELF... SOB!



NOW I'LL BE SHOVING OFF! I'VE ENOUGH TO KEEP ME GOING UNTIL I GET SET IN SOMETHING!

PLEASE --PLEASE RELEASE US! PLEASE -- ALEC WILL DIE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT ONCE INSIDE, THE CLOTTING HEAT MADE DANNER'S EXHAUSTED MIND DROWSY ---AND HE DOZED OFF. HE'D ROUSED HIMSELF SEVERAL TIMES, BUT THE FERRY WENT ON AND ON, SEEMINGLY WITHOUT END. AND THEN--- HE WAS SHOCKED TO A PERPLEXED WAKEFULNESS!

THE TIME--! I'VE BEEN ON THIS FERRY SEVEN HOURS!



SAY-- TELL ME WHERE THIS FERRY IS HEADED, WILL ---! WHAT THE--? SOMETHING WRONG WITH HIM!



B-BUT HE'S THE SAME WAY!



DANNER SHUDDERED AND DREW BACK IN HORROR AT THE GHASTLY, PALE DEMEANOR --- THE SUNKEN, UNSEEING EYES --THE DRAWN, HOLLOWED FACES! AND THEN A FANTASTIC REALIZATION STRUCK HIM!

T-THEY'RE ALL LIKE THAT! ALL OF THEM! HUNDREDS OF THEM!



HEY---WHERE AM I? WHAT'S GOING ON? ANSWER ME! SAY SOMETHING!



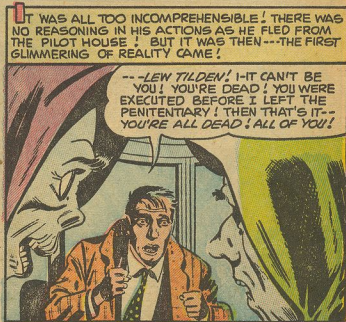
FEAR--- ANGER--- DESPERATION CLUTCHED AT HIS HEART!

HE REACHED INSIDE HIS CLOTHING FOR THE ONLY SECURITY HE KNEW--
--A GUN!

I'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! I'LL FORCE THE OPERATOR IN THE PILOT HOUSE TO PULL THE BOAT UP TO SHORE!



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

DANNER SHRANK BACK! HIS EVERY NERVE-END WAS STRAINED TO THE BREAKING POINT! THE SICKENING STENCH OF DEATH ENGULFED HIS SENSES! THEN A VOICE SPOKE -- A VOICE FROM THE TOMB, HOLLOW AND LIFELESS! FROM BEYOND THE REALM OF THE LIVING!

YOU HAVE EMBARKED UPON THE FERRY TO THE OTHERSIDE! THE LAND OF THE DEAD!



EVERYONE HAS HIS OWN TIME --- AND YOURS HAS NOW COME!

NO! I-I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I'M TOO YOUNG TO DIE!



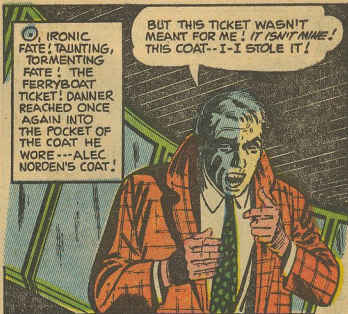
YOU WOULDN'T BE ON THIS FERRY IF IT WASN'T YOUR TIME! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE HAD THE FERRY TICKET!

--THE TICKET!



☉ IRONIC FATE! TAUNTING, TORMENTING FATE! THE FERRYBOAT TICKET! DANNER REACHED ONCE AGAIN INTO THE POCKET OF THE COAT HE WORE --- ALEC NORDEN'S COAT!

BUT THIS TICKET WASN'T MEANT FOR ME! IT *ISN'T MINE!* THIS COAT--I-I STOLE IT!



DON'T YOU SEE---THIS IS ALL A MISTAKE! IT WAS ALEC NORDEN WHO WAS MEANT TO DIE!



BURNING TEARS OF ANGUISH WELLED IN DANNER'S EYES---AS THE UNBELIEVABLE TRUTH THRUST UPON HIS FEVER-HIGHTENED BRAIN LIKE A TORCH! HE WAS A STAND-IN ---FOR DEATH!

PLEASE---I BEG YOU! YOU MUST TURN BACK! FELTEN ---TELL THEM THEY MUST TAKE ME BACK TO THE LIVING!



IT WAS THEN, DANNER WAS TO WITNESS THE MOST FANTASTIC SCENE OF ALL! A COUNSEL OF THE DEAD-- OVER THE LIVING! IT WAS HIS LIFE THAT HUNG IN THE BALANCE!

BZZZ BZZZ
BZZZZZ

WELL--TELL ME,
FELTEN--WILL YOU
TURN BACK?
WILL YOU?

THERE IS NO
TURNING BACK!
THE CARGO OF
THE DEAD CAN
ONLY MOVE ONE
WAY!

NO! I-I WON'T LET IT HAPPEN!
I'LL JUMP OVERBOARD! I'LL SWIM
ASHORE!

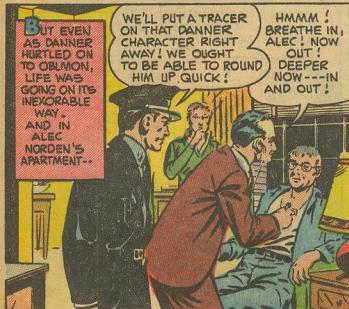
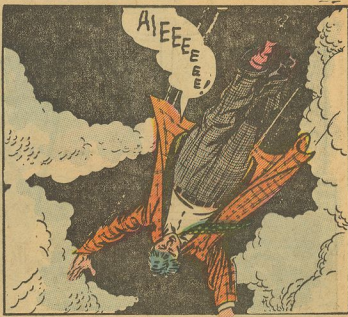
HE RAN
TO THE
SIDE
AND LOOKED
OVER. BUT
THERE WAS
NO WATER
BELOW!
ONLY THIN,
MISTY VA-
POROUS
TRAILS---
DOWN AND
DOWN TO
A BLIND
INFINITY!

THE BOAT'S FLOATING ON AIR!
THERE'S NO PLACE I CAN GO!
THERE'S NO ESCAPE!

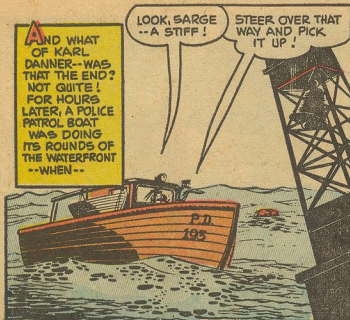
AND BEHIND
HIM--- THEY
ALL LAUGHED!
LONG AND
LOUD AND
MIRTHLESSLY,
IN A WEIRD,
BLOOD-CHILLING
CACAPHONY
OF DEATH!

I'VE GONE MAD--! STARK,
 RAVING MAD! STOP LAUGHING!
 STOP IT!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE NIGHT WAS BLACK, AND THE CAR SPED DOWN THE LONELY HALF-FLOODED HIGHWAY THROUGH THE STORM! THE DOWNPOUR WHISPERED MOCKINGLY TO THE YOUNG COUPLE INSIDE --FOR SATAN WAS WATCHING AND DEMANDING THAT ONE OF THEM WOULD JOURNEY INTO THE LEAD OF DEATH IN--

QUEST of the BEYOND!!

HA, HA, HA, HA!

AN ETERNITY PASSED FOR VICTOR MANSON. THEN HE STIRRED --OPENED HIS EYES-- SAW THE TWISTED WRECKAGE AND RIPPED METAL...

I --COULDN'T TURN THE WHEEL IN TIME. PEGGY --ARE YOU ALL--? OH NO --NO! PEGGY! PEGGY!

THE DISTRAUGHT MAN STUMBLED BLINDLY THROUGH THE STORM --NOT KNOWING WHERE HE WENT --NOT CARING --KNOWING ONLY THAT HIS WIFE WAS DEAD!

I...I'M TO BLAME! I'VE KILLED HER! WHY COULDN'T IT HAVE BEEN ME? COME BACK TO ME, DARLING, I'D SELL MY SOUL TO SATAN --ONLY COME BACK!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE PAIN-WRACKED SOBS OF THE ANGUISHED MAN ECHOED SOMBERLY ON THE COLD WALLS OF THE CAVE. THEY MINGLED ENDLESSLY INTO THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT. THEN, FROM OUT OF THE GLOOM--STEPPED A FIGURE...

PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU, VICTOR MANSON. NO NEED TO KNOW MY NAME. ARE YOU WILLING TO LISTEN?

YES...
YES...
ANYTHING!



GOOD! OUR BARGAIN IS ACCEPTED. YOU WILL MAKE A JOURNEY --- A DANGEROUS, STRANGE, TERRIFYING ONE FOR YOU--AND YOU MAY NEVER COME BACK!

YES...YES!
WHAT THEN?
WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



YOUR WIFE IS DEAD-- SUBJECT OF THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS--- **DEATH!** TO WIN HER BACK YOU MUST SUCCESSFULLY PASS CERBERUS, KEEPER OF THE GATE. THEN YOU MUST OUTWIT CHARON, THE FERRYMAN ON THE RIVER STYX -- AND FINALLY FIGHT **DEATH, HIMSELF!**



TO ACCOMPLISH THIS, I GIVE YOU THE SWORD OF LIFE! NEVER PART WITH IT---FOR YOU SHALL BE LOST... DOOMED FOREVER IN THE BEYOND! IF YOU SUCCEED IN WINNING BACK YOUR WIFE, YOUR SOUL BELONGS TO ME!

I --MUST BE HAVING A NIGHTMARE! THIS CAN'T BE REAL!



BUT IT WAS REAL. THE MUFFLED FIGURE DISAPPEARED IN A SWIRL OF VAPOR. BEFORE VICTOR MANSON COULD STEP FORWARD, THE CAVE OPENED BELOW--AND HE WAS FALLING--FALLING...

--THEN DARKNESS ABSOLUTE. DARKNESS---AND SUDDEN LIGHT! VICTOR MANSON OPENED HIS EYES TO FIND HIMSELF IN THE UNDERWORLD OF THE BEYOND!

I...I'M WEARING A SHROUD! THIS IS REAL--
HORRIBLY REAL!



HELP! I CAN'T STOP! **HELP!**

HA, HA... YOUR QUEST HAS BEGUN! HA, HA, HA...



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT CREEPING STEALTHILY FROM THE SHADOWS, CAME --**TERROR BEYOND COMPARE!**
CERBERUS--- KEEPER OF THE GATE, HAD SEEN HIM!



I'LL BE TORN TO SHREDS UNLESS
---I BLIND IT!

AS THE MONSTER TOPPLED OVER, DEFEATED, VICTOR MANSON
SCALED THE GATE--AND MOMENTS LATER JOINED AN ARMY
OF DEAD SOULS MARCHING TOWARDS THE RIVER OF STYX...



THEY'RE DRESSED JUST LIKE ME--AND
THEY'RE DEAD! THE FERRYMAN MUST
BE CHARON. I'VE GOT TO GET ACROSS.
I'VE GOT TO OUTWIT HIM SOMEHOW!

PRETENDING HE, TOO, WAS A DEAD SOUL, THE MORTAL SEATED
HIMSELF WITH THE OTHERS, AS THE FERRY BEGAN TO
CROSS THE GREAT RIVER STYX...



SAVE US! SAVE
US!

GOOD LORD! THOSE SOULS ARE BEING
EATEN ALIVE BY THE MONSTERS OF THE
RIVER!

KNOWING THAT WOULD BE HIS FATE
IF HE FAILED TO CROSS THE RIVER,
VICTOR MANSON WAITED IN TORTURED
PATIENCE. BUT JUST THEN --



MY COWL--!
THE WIND...
WHIPPED IT
FROM MY
HEAD!

BEHOLD! THERE
IS A MORTAL
HERE, CHARON!

WOOOOOEEEEEE

A MORTAL HAS TRESPASSED
MY MASTER'S KINGDOM!
HE MUST DIE!

I'LL KNOCK YOU
OVERBOARD, MORTAL!
YOU'LL NOT REACH
THE OTHER SIDE!



I'VE GOT TO
STALL HIM!
WE'VE ALMOST
REACHED THE
SHORE..

AIIEE!
HE HAS SNAPPED
MY POLE IN
HALF! HE
ESCAPES!

MADE IT! I'VE
OUTWITTED
HIM! I'VE
REACHED
DEATH'S KING-
DOM!



SNAPP!

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

BUT AS HE RAN TOWARDS THE INTERIOR OF THAT COLD LAND, VICTOR MANSON SAW THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS --- **DEATH!** LIKE WHEAT BEFORE A SCYTHE --- ROW UPON ROW --- TIER UPON TIER --- SIDE BY SIDE --- WERE THE SPIRITS AND SOULS OF THE DEAD --- GROVELLING IN HOMAGE TO THEIR LORD AND MASTER...



AND WITHIN THE MIDST OF THAT EERIE HORDE, HE ALSO SAW --



PEGGY -- PEGGY DARLING!

VICTOR!

OH DEAREST-- DEAREST... I CAN NEVER RETURN WITH YOU. GO QUICKLY BEFORE **DEATH** SEES YOU!

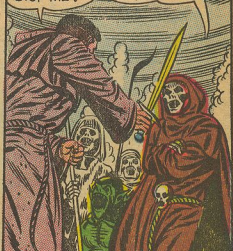
NO! I WON'T GO BACK UNLESS YOU COME WITH ME!



WHO **DARES** DISRUPT MY MEDITATIONS?

I DO! I'VE COME TO TAKE MY WIFE BACK WITH ME! AND YOU'LL NOT STOP ME!

VICTOR MANSON-- YOU HAVE VIOLATED MY THRONE, AND FOR THAT YOU MUST ANSWER TO ME!



BUT BEFORE THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS COULD PUT HIS LETHAL TOUCH ON THE YOUNG MAN, THE SWORD BIT DEEP!



I'VE VANQUISHED YOU, **DEATH!** YOU MUST OBEY ME, NOW! WITHDRAW!

AAARGH!

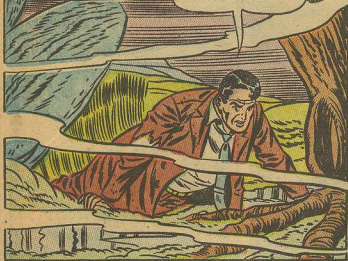
AY! YOU HAVE WON BACK YOUR WIFE, MORTAL--- BUT WHEN YOU ASCEND TO THE SURFACE WORLD, THE FIRST PERSON YOU TOUCH SHALL REPLACE YOUR WIFE HERE AT MY THRONE! NOW--- **BEGONE!**



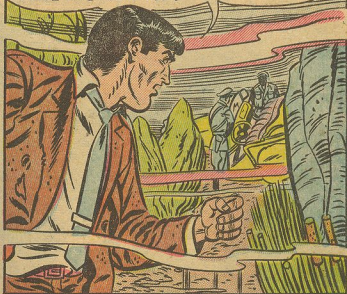
THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

A BLAZE OF SWIRLING MIST--A FURY OF SOUND---AND VICTOR MANSON CAME TO, TO FIND HIMSELF BACK TO REALITY!

WHERE AM I ? MY HEAD IS SPLITTING ! WHAT A NIGHT-MARE I HAD ! DEATH--PEGGY--THE LAND OF THE BEYOND...



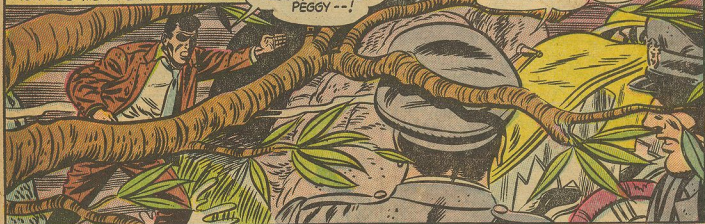
I DREAMT I HAD A SWORD OF LIFE--I WAS BRINGING PEGGY BACK---PEGGY--SHE'S DOWN THERE ! THE POLICE HAVE FOUND HER !



MOMENTS LATER, HE STUMBLED TOWARDS HIS WIFE...

LET ME THROUGH ! PEGGY, DARLING... PEGGY--!

SORRY, MISTER... I'M AFRAID SHE'S...



VICTOR ! WHAT HAPPENED ? THERE WAS A CRASH-- AND OH-- I HAD SUCH A STRANGE DREAM !

SHE'S ALIVE ! BUT JUST A COUPLE OF MINUTES AGO...

PEGGY MANSON THREW UP HER ARMS TOWARDS HER STARTLED HUSBAND. BUT VICTOR MANSON RE-COILED, TRYING DESPERATELY TO DODGE THOSE LOVELY ARMS...

DEAREST--- WHERE ARE YOU GOING ? COME BACK !

NO ! DON'T TOUCH ME ! YOU'RE ALIVE !



RUNNING, STAGGERING, STUMBLING, THE DAZED MAN FINALLY SANK EXHAUSTED ON A FALLEN LOG IN THE THICKEST FOREST...

IT WAS TRUE THEN--EVERYTHING ! AND I CAN'T TOUCH HER OR SHE'LL DIE ! WHAT SHALL I DO ?

HA, HA...



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED



YOU! NOW I KNOW WHAT A FOOL I WAS NOT TO HAVE REALIZED! **SATAN!**

HA, HA... YES! AND I'M PLEASED THAT YOUR QUEST ENDED SUCCESSFULLY!



NOW I HAVE COME TO COLLECT OUR BARGAIN, VICTOR MANSON. YOUR SOUL IS FORFEIT TO ME, NOW!

NO! I CAN'T HAVE GONE THROUGH ALL THAT TO LOSE EVERYTHING NOW!

BUT SATAN STEPPED FORWARD -- CLAIMING HIS DUE!



IT IS USELESS TO RESIST! NOTHING YOU CAN DO WILL CHANGE THE INEVITABLE! COME! DO NOT SHRINK AT MY TOUCH!

TOUCH--! THAT'S IT! DEATH SAID THE FIRST ONE I TOUCH WILL DIE! I'VE GOT TO TRY IT!

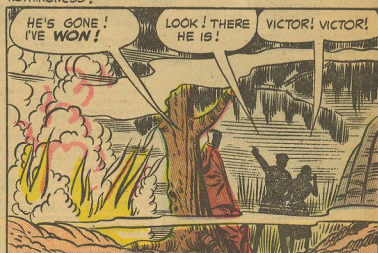
WITH FURY BORN OF DESPERATION, VICTOR MANSON FLUNG HIMSELF ON SATAN -- IN A FINAL SHOWDOWN.



BACK TO YOUR HELL, SATAN! DEATH AWAITS YOU WITH EAGER ARMS -- EVEN IF HE DOESN'T KNOW WHO IT IS!

AAH!!! YOU'VE TRICKED ME! I'M DYING! **YA-A-AH!**

AS IF A SPONTANEOUS REACTION HAD CATALYZED SATAN'S FORM, VICTOR MANSON WATCHED IT FINALLY DISAPPEAR INTO NOTHINGNESS!



HE'S GONE! I'VE WON!

LOOK! THERE HE IS!

VICTOR! VICTOR!



OH -- DARLING ... WHY DID YOU RUN AWAY? YOUR POOR HANDS! THEY'RE BURNED!

GUESS I WAS TEMPORARILY FRIGHTENED, HONEY. THE CRASH GAVE ME A NASTY CRACK ON THE HEAD! BUT NOW EVERYTHING'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT. LET'S GO HOME!

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW HOW RELIEVED I AM, DEAR. YOU'LL NEVER KNOW!

THE END!

Reader's Digest

Reports Good News for all sufferers from

PIMPLES

ACNE, TEEN-AGE PIMPLES, SURFACE SKIN BLEMISHES and IRRITATIONS!

AMAZING DOUBLE-ACTION SKIN TREATMENT THAT CONCEALS AS IT MEDICATES

Actual clinical tests conducted by leading doctors have proven that an amazing, new-type medication helps clear up acne blemishes while it covers and hides embarrassing pimples! In the many cases tested by the doctors, there were a mixture of men, women and children, White and Negro. Some with recent pimple eruptions and others with acne troubles of many years. The results were:

100% SATISFACTORY
IN CLINICAL TESTS

*45% were COMPLETELY CLEARED!
38% were DECIDEDLY IMPROVED!
17% were IMPROVED!

NOW Same Type Medication Used
in Clinical Tests Reported in
Reader's Digest is Available To You

**GUARANTEED
TO HELP YOUR
SKIN LOOK
LOVELIER AND
MORE ATTRACTIVE
IN A FEW
MINUTES
OR DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Leading
SKIN
SPECIALISTS
RECOMMEND THIS
DOUBLE TREATMENT

Physicians prescribe two ways to help control skin eruptions: First—clean the skin and clear the pores of clogging dirt. Second—inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

The clinically-proven ingredients in the scientifically-tested formula of Scope Products have been compounded to help overcome these external causes of pimples and irritations. Actually staves pimples because it helps remove the oils that skin specialists often associate with acne! SKIN DOCTORS STATE THAT TO NEGLECT YOUR SKIN MAY PROLONG YOUR COMPLEXION TROUBLE AND MAKE IT MORE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP!

DELAY MAY BE HARMFUL—Send for Scope Medicated Skin Treatment with this special "cover-up" action! MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

DON'T LET UGLY BLACKHEADS BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY

If you want help in getting rid of these ugly blackheads, you need SCOPE'S Amazing DOUBLE ACTION Skin Formula. See how fast and easy it aids in clearing the skin of those unsightly blackheads. It loosens these pore-clogging impurities and softens the hard deposits underneath and around the blackheads, making their removal simple and effective. Scope Medicated Cream, with its successfully tested ingredients, instantly and completely covers up all skin irritations, leaving your skin clearer, smoother, and more attractive looking.

TEEN-AGERS and GROWN-UPS REGAIN NEW POPULARITY

People of all ages have discovered a new-found joy with a clearer lovelier looking skin! If you've been hoping to improve your complexion . . . to increase your popularity with the opposite sex . . .

HIDES PIMPLES ON LIGHT, AVERAGE & DARK COMPLEXIONS!

To help people of all complexions quickly conceal their externally caused blemishes—Scope Medicated Skin Formula comes in special tones. No matter how many other treatments or old-fashioned preparations have disappointed you—here is a

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

Thousands like yourself today enjoy the wonderful skin beauty that would normally be theirs—thanks to Scope's Scope Medicated Skin Formula. It is made in special tones to match your skin—and almost like magic hides those unsightly externally caused blemishes while the medication is acting. Just a few minutes a day may help you toward the complexion that's lovable to kiss and touch!

. . . to climb to success in the business world—we recommend this amazing treatment. Just a few minutes each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible!

product that guarantees to improve your appearance or double your money back! Scope Medicated Skin Formula is GREASELESS, FAST-DRYING and STAINLESS! Make-up can easily be applied over it.

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

If you are not delighted, in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, return the unused portion and we will promptly send you double the purchase price! You have nothing to lose but weariness over your bad complexion. WE TAKE ALL THE RISK!

SEND NO MONEY

You fill out the coupon and by return mail we will immediately ship you the Scope Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope yourself! If you are not entirely satisfied, return the unused portion for refund or DOUBLE your purchase price.

Mail FREE TRIAL Coupon TODAY!

SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-3
1 Orchard St., New York 2, N.Y.

☐ Please send me a 10-Day Trial of the Scope Medicated Skin Treatment. I will pay postage \$1.98 plus postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, I may return the unused portion for double my purchase price back.

Check ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark Complexion

Name

Address

City & Zone State

☐ SAVE MONEY! Enclose \$2. now and we pay postage. Some double your money-back either way you order.

SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-3 1 Orchard St., New York 2, N.Y.

APD, PPD, Canada and Foreign use CCB's

Why Just WISH for the Things You Want? MAKE EXTRA MONEY

It's Easy-Fast-and FUN, Too!

Use Your Spare Time Pleasantly To Make \$50.00, \$100.00
or More Showing These Exclusive Big-Value

Wallace Brown Christmas Cards

Why not do as thousands of other folks do? No need to wish for extra cash to buy the things you want. You can make money so easily just by showing the famous balanced assortments of beautiful Wallace Brown Christmas Cards to your friends, neighbors, relatives, co-workers, fellow church and club members. They'll love this convenient way to order Christmas cards at home and they'll be delighted with the beauty, value and variety offered them. Among this big nationally famous line of over 50 money-makers are the two shown here . . . the sensational, big-value 21 card "Feature" Christmas Assortment and the gay and clever Merry Christmas Comics Assortment. They sell for only \$1.00 each and you make up to 50c profit on each box!

Big Line of Over 50 Thrilling Money-Makers!

You need no experience . . . and you have so much to offer to bring you extra cash. There are exciting Christmas Assortments like the luxurious Golden Parchment, the delightful Christmas Velvet, exquisite Scripture-Text Religious Assortment, beloved Currier and Ives scenes . . . Gift Wrappings and Ribbons too! In addition, a complete line of exquisite Everyday cards for Birthdays, Get Well and other occasions. Also Children's Books, Imported Napkins and many novelty Gift items! They all spell Extra Money for you!

SEND NO MONEY to Get Actual Samples

See for yourself how much money you'll make. Mail Coupon TODAY for "Feature" 21 card Christmas Assortment on approval and FREE samples of low priced name-imprinted Personal Christmas Cards. We'll also include FREE, our beautiful, big, full color catalog of the entire Wallace Brown line to start you making extra money immediately.

—Raise money! Fill your treasury with cash by taking orders for Wallace Brown Cards and Gift Items from members and friends. Check coupon for details of fundraising plan and actual sample assortment on approval.

WALLACE BROWN, INC. 225 FIFTH AVENUE, DEPT. 5-123
NEW YORK 10, NEW YORK

Paste this coupon on a postcard or mail in envelope for actual samples. **SEND NO MONEY**

WALLACE BROWN, INC., Dept. 5-123
225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Please rush "Feature" 21-Card Christmas Assortment on approval, Free Samples of Special Value "Personals" and FREE full-color illustrated Catalog of entire Wallace Brown big-profit line.

Name

Address

City & Zone State

() Check here for Organization Plan



Popular Priced PERSONALS too!

ACTUAL SAMPLES

FREE!



Make even more money! Nothing else like them anywhere—four groups of outstanding Special Value Name-Imprinted Personal Christmas Cards . . . distinctive styling, low prices . . . for every purse and taste . . . Traditional, Religious, Cute, Formal, Currier and Ives . . . exclusive designs, luxury papers, including rich, deep-toned Suedes and genuine Parchment Cards. They sell on sight! WE DELIVER DIRECT TO YOUR CUSTOMERS AND WE PAY POSTAGE. Coupon brings you Actual Samples FREE.

**Hi
Pal!
Win
\$100**
as I
just
did!

Come on, Buddy, Quit being a BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF
FUN A DAY

YOU Can do ALL I did!

I gained **25 Terrific LBS.** of **HANDSOME
POWER-PACKED MUSCLES** all over!

I improved my **HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%**

I won **NEW STRENGTH**

for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won **NEW POPULARITY**

Won **NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS**



How did I do ALL This? I
mailed the Coupon and got
These **5** PICTURE-PACKED
HE-MAN COURSES

Which **YOU** can NOW get **FREE**

BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1.

**YOU CAN
WIN**
a BIG 15"
SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR
NAME
engraved
on it!



JIM NORMAN

AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon



90 lb.
Skeleton

He says,
**I gained
70 lbs.**
of
mighty
muscle

Mail the
"ALL
FREE"
coupon
get this
"AMAZING
SECRETS"
Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL
ACT, like A Real
HE-MAN! Win Women
and Men Friends.
Win in Sports!
Win Promotion,
Praise, Popularity.

This BOOK will also show You **HOW YOU**
CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall
SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)



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By GEORGE F. JOWETT



**HOW TO MOLD A
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**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY BACK**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

**HOW TO MOLD A
MIGHTY GRIP**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT

**HOW TO MOLD
MIGHTY LEGS**
By GEORGE F. JOWETT



GET
ALL 5
FREE



1

2

3

4

5

"I'm
PROUD
to be
seen
with
Jim
NOW!
Every-
body
admires
his build," says Nellie.
"Jim can lift the front
of a 2700 lb. car.
He amazes his friends!"

You'll be
A Real
ATHLETE
in ALL
SPORTS
Soon
after
YOU
mail
Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER
in ALL SPORTS NOW.
YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me
10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY
in YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did
and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY
for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby
you are I'll make you OVER by the
SAME method I turned myself from a
wreck to the strongest of the strong.
Why can't I do for you what I did for
MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows
like You?

"Congratulations,
John! At last you
mailed the coupon
as EVERY MAN
should. Soon You'll
be as big and strong
as I am,"
says Jim Norman
to John Luskus

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY
MUSCLE added to your ARMS and
CHEST. YOUR BACK and SHOULDERS
broadened. From head to heels you'll
gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A
WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.



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**1. FIVE COURSES 2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN**

Dept. CH-49

Tell Me How To
Win \$100, etc.

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great in
World for
Building
All-Round
HE-MAN"
R. F. Kelley
Physical
Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Dear George: "Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of
Strong Men Muscle Meter" plus all 5 HE-MAN Building
Courses: 1. How to Build a Mighty Chest, 2. How to Build a
Mighty Arm, 3. How to Build a Mighty Grip, 4. How to Build
a Mighty Back, 5. How to Build a Mighty Leg. Now all in One
Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN". ENCLOSED FIND 10¢
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ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

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HELLO, BOB! HAVE YOU FOUND
THAT UNDERSEAS TREASURE?

GIVEN!

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LADIES!
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WE GIVE YOU **CASH!** OR **PREMIUMS!**

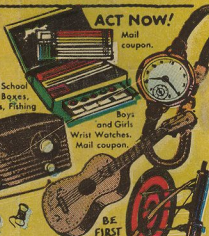


LOOK! LIVE PONY!

Yes, a real, live Pony for your very own. Just send for BIG catalog for premium plan. MAIL COUPON TO START.



ACT NOW!



OUR 59th YEAR - WE ARE RELIABLE! MAIL

NAME _____ AGE _____
ST. _____ R. D. _____ BOX _____
TOWN _____ ZONE NO _____ STATE _____

Paste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today